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A RUN THROUGH KATHIAWAR—JÚNÁGHAR.

BOMBAY, I admit, is a delightful place of residence if you can take it on the conditions enjoyed by its governors, commanders-in-chief, and members of council. Granted that you are at liberty to spend the hot season, from the middle of March till the commencement of June, in the forest shade of the cool table-land of Mahabaleshwar at a height of 4500 feet; that you can pass the time from the commencement of June to the end of September at Poona or Nasik, on the elevated plains of the Deccan, where the great rains of the south-west monsoon (which at that season make Bombay like the bottom of an old well) do little more than screen off the sun and moisten the arid air; that in the unhealthy season of October and the commencement of November you can place yourself high above the decaying vegetation of the plain, at such isolated hill-forts and sanitaria as Singhur and Poorundhur; and that, in the cold season, you can take a two months' tour in Kathiawar, Sind, or Rajpútana, in order to get a little real cold weather and brace yourself up after your fatiguing residence in Bombay,—then, I frankly admit, a residence in the capital of Western India is not only endurable, but has great advantages of its own. Admirable as this arrangement is, it does not appear to leave much time to be spent in Bombay; but then a very little time spent there goes a long way, and also goes far to impart a pleasing consciousness that you have been an unrewarded and unacknowledged benefactor of your fellow-creatures. It may be well, however, not to impart any whisper of this conviction to your fellow-citizens of Bombay; for now that the Indian element has got the upper hand there, nothing is regarded with more dislike and distrust than any expression of dissatisfaction with the climate of that great city. Admit at once that it is simply perfection, and that your sole duty in life is to devote all your capacity and all your means to the benefit of its population, and then you will soon become a popular character, even though you may labour under the serious disadvantage of never having been twice born or circumcised, or bowed as a worshipper of the sacred fire.

It need not be denied, however, that the climate of Bombay, though debilitating, and favourable only to sub-forms of human life, is a pretty safe climate, and that Bombay has the advantage over the other Presidency towns in the easy access which it affords to immediate changes of climate at all seasons of the year. It is supposed to have a very delightful climate in what, by courtesy, is called its cold season; and, no doubt, visitors at that season, contrasting its sunny air and brilliant skies with the cold and fog and darkness of an English winter, have good reason to be delighted with the change: but those who have had some years' experience of tropical climes will perceive that a winter on the coast of Western India may do them much harm, while it is not likely to do good. The weather is not cold enough to brace, or to allow of warm clothes being worn with any degree of comfort; but the dry, desiccating wind of the north-east monsoon so rapidly cools the body as to be a real source of danger. When protected from that wind we are in a tropical climate; when ex-

posed to it we are cooled almost as rapidly as were the bottles of beer and sherry which, wrapped in wet cloth, used to be exposed to its influence before ice was imported into India.

Hence it follows that for those who have to reside in Bombay it is quite as important to get out of that place in the cold season as in any other; and fortunately, in the provinces lying to the north, but in not distant neighbourhood, really bracing weather is to be found at that season, besides many objects of interest, and an entire change in one's habits of life. Of these provinces the little-known peninsula of Kathiawar is the most interesting; and I had for long had my eye on it, as a sort of Indian *bonne bouche*, before a favourable opportunity occurred of taking a run through it. Some little time has elapsed since that visit was made; but, happily for itself, the Kathiawar peninsula has not yet been overwhelmed by the intolerable rushing tide of modern events; and, beyond a steady improvement in the action both of the English officials and the Kathi chiefs, to which I shall allude, there has been little or no change in it since my visit. There I had the privilege of seeing a large province entirely, or almost entirely, under the rule of native princes, with its population in a feudal state, and little affected by the progress of English ideas and rule. Many warlike tribes were met with which, it is true, were no longer permitted to indulge in war, yet retained all the traditions and feelings of a not distant period when they constantly did so. And this province presented also antiquarian remains of the highest interest and importance, together with great series of elaborate temples sacred to the religion of the Jains, a corrupt form of Búdhism which still survives and flourishes in that part of the world. Thus I had the opportunity of seeing much of the interior working of Indian native states; of mingling with their princes and ministers; of combining an examination of antiquities with a round of gaieties; of passing from the society of dancing-girls to that of the statues of the twenty-four Tirthankaras or holy saints of the Jain religion; of exchanging the presence of princes for that of ashy devotees; and, above all, of obtaining admission to the Amijhara or Perspiring Statue of the holy mountain Gírnar, and of sleeping at the foot of Kalika, the Dread Mother, among the Aghoras, or carrion-eating devotees, by which it is infested.

Kathiawar can be reached from the Presidency town by the railway which runs through the Northern Koncan and Gúzerat to Ahmedabad, and by the extensive line from that place to Vírumgaum; but as easy and rapid a way is by the well-appointed steamboats of the British India Steam Navigation Company, which run from Bombay to Karachi in Sind, touching at Vairawal, the chief port of Júnághar, and at various other places, by the way. That preliminary part of the journey was very easy. It was only after being turned out of the railway at Vírumgaum, or landed at Vairawal, that the incautious traveller who had not made sufficient preparations for the journey found himself in a difficulty. Kathiawar, I need scarcely say, was not, and is not to-day, a land of hotels, or drawing-room cars, or public conveyances of almost any kind. It was not a land where private conveyances, or even the means of subsistence, could be had in many parts except as a matter of favour. Between Vírumgaum and the English station of Rájkot, where the political resident has his head-

quarters, something like public traffic now goes on; but in most parts of the country the traveller may have the greatest difficulty in getting a worn-out camel or donkey to ride on, and one egg to appease his hunger with, unless he is welcomed, and almost as a guest, by the chief of the district. In Kathiawar there still lingers the idea that all visitors should be guests; and though this, of course, does not imply that travelling there is really very much cheaper than anywhere else, yet those who attempt to proceed on any other footing will find great, though almost intangible, difficulties rising in their path—for nothing that they require will be forthcoming when they want it, or perhaps at all, if they get irritated.

Personally, I had no experiences of difficulties of this kind, having been invited to visit the country by one of its greatest princes, and having introductions to the political agent and other English officers, who can see that travellers are well cared for; but, even with such advantages, many things have to be provided for, and a run through Kathiawar is not less expensive than a run from Bombay to England and back. Servants, cooking-pots, bedding, liquors, preserved provisions, and many other things, have to be carried with one; and though a tent and a riding-horse are not absolute necessities, yet they will be found very useful. The chiefs of Kathiawar are really exceedingly hospitable, after their own time-honoured fashions, but these do not meet all the wants of an Englishman: a sense of propriety forbids one drawing upon that hospitality more than the circumstances justify; and it needs no satirical turn of mind to be aware that, in all parts of the world, hospitality is most freely accorded to those who are most independent of it.

It is pleasant in the cool month of January to find one's self running up the coast of Western India in a comfortable steamer, with an entirely new district of country in prospect. Three weeks, in old times, would have been a very fair run at this season in a *pattimar* from Bombay to Surat, on the mainland entrance of the Gulf of Cambay; but now in less than twenty-four hours we find ourselves anchored on the other side of the gulf, beside the little Portuguese island of Diu, close to the great Kathiawar peninsula. There is something attractive to some minds in these decaying remnants of the Portuguese colonial empire—such as Diu and Goa on the Indian coast, and Macao on that of China. They are dear to the same tone of mind which made Byron find a congenial home in Pisa, Venice, and Ravenna. Something of the heroism and glory of the past still lingers about them, affects the very air, and prevents the meanness of their present becoming the meanness of poor places which have had no past. But probably, of all such places in the world, the Indian remains of the Portuguese empire are the least calculated to afford that meditative repose which we seek amid ruins; their life is too far gone and too much mingled with the still more advanced decay of ancient Indian races.

There is much of interest in these shores of the upper portion of the Arabian Sea, stretching up by Kathiawar, Kutch, and Sind, formed on the north by the coast of Beloochistan, and coming down, on the Arabian side, in the shores of Oman and Hadramaut. It is a coast-line for the most part desert and sparsely inhabited, but it has wild beauties of its own. Its summer sea is not

much ruffled by storms, and strange, picturesque-looking people live upon it, or at no great distance inland. Emphatically, it is a region of blinding sunlight by day, and brilliant skies by night. Its palms and mimosas, and thinly-scattered human beings, do not oppress its naked deserts and flame-like mountains. But Kathiawar is midway between this arid region and the rich fertile shores of the Northern Koncan and Southern Gúzerat. It partakes of the nature of both zones, and illustrates the change between them.

As we approached Vairawal, the chief port of the Kathiawar state of Júnágher, the great isolated mountain-mass of Gírnar was visible in the distance, in the clear, cool, evening air, a great tract of cultivated plain stretching up to it; while on the right, or towards the southern side of the peninsula, lay the thick jungly hills and forest of the Gír, which is still the habitat of many lions, but is so unhealthy that it is almost never visited except in the depth of the hot season, and even then but rarely. This peninsula of Kathiawar—the ancient Saurashtra—is surrounded by the Gulf of Cambay, the Arabian Sea, the Gulf of Kutch, and a continuation of the salt-covered Runn of Kutch, by which and a neck of firmer land it is attached to the mainland of Gúzerat. Thus its position is somewhat isolated; and, until recent years, it has had almost no external trade, except that carried on by pirates and slave-dealers. Roughly speaking, it is about 160 miles in breadth, by 200 in extreme length, and has an area of about 22,000 square miles, and a population of under 2,000,000. Thus it has an area of rather more than two-thirds that of either Ireland or Scotland; and, socially and politically, it has not a few points of resemblance to the condition of those countries a few centuries ago. Physically and climatically, however, it differs greatly from them both. Here are no great chains of mountains, or deep fresh-water lakes, or long arms of the sea. The coast is compact; and by far the greater part of the peninsula is a plain, broken only by low rugged undulations and the beds of streams, dry during more than half of the year. The mountain-mass of Gírnar rises from nearly level plains in the south-east of the country to a height of 3500 feet; but there are no other high mountains, unless we call the isolated 1500 feet peaks of Palitana such, and one of the Burda Hills near Porebunder, which is a little higher. But there are wild hills in the north-east, and stretching from Gírnar in the direction of the sea, with a few peaks of about 1000 feet. The plains are in great part under pasture and the cultivation of Indian cereals and cotton. There are large stretches of jungle and of barren land; and in the north, where the salts of the Runn of Kutch encroach, the plain is white, as with hoar-frost, except during the south-west monsoon, when Kathiawar becomes an island.

Very different, too, is the climate from that of either Ireland or Scotland; but as an Indian climate, it may be said to be delightful. *Ag ka gurm*, or "hot as fire," in March, April, and May, that season is not an unhealthy one; the hot winds are not bad, and the nights are usually tolerable. Still this is a hot season. Lieut. Macmurdo, in his report of the 2d Oct. 1815, remarks naïvely of it: "The climate of the peninsula is, in general, pleasant. In the hottest weather the thermometer is seldom above 110° in a tent, although generally above 104° or 102°." Within reach of the south-west monsoon, but not exposed

to its full force, the heats of summer are tempered by clouds and rain; and, though steamy September and October are very unhealthy, there is a long delicious cold season, extending from October to March, when scarcely any rain falls, when the sky is clear (except occasionally in the mornings, when there are thick fogs), the air pure and bracing, and the cold is sometimes great enough to cause the formation of ice. In its great characteristics the climate is not different from that of Western India in general; but except in the hot season, it has these characteristics in a vastly superior style to that of by far the greater part of the Bombay Presidency. In a country so partially cultivated, fever and dysentery of course abound, but they can be guarded against. Numerous herds of black buck and of *nilghai* — the large Indian elk — spot the plains of Kathiawar, and are easily approached, though the aversion of the people to their being killed renders the pursuit of them often inexpedient; but the same objection does not apply to hunting the lions, leopards, wolves, and deer with which some of the jungles are full.

Kathiawar may very justly be called the Scotland of Gúzerat; and, in accordance with that comparison, its hardy, muscular people contrast strikingly with the fuller-bodied, more placid, more English-like inhabitants of the adjoining mainland. The great social peculiarity of the country is its division into an immense number of small states, the chiefs of some of which exercise the power of life and death, and most of which are governed by their own chiefs, who are semi-independent, although feudatories of Great Britain. There are about four hundred of these chiefs altogether; and though some of them are no better than petty proprietors, others, such as the Nawab of Júnágḥar and the Jam of Naoanágar, have really small kingdoms, and what would have been counted as such even in Europe ten years ago. In addressing these chiefs in 1867, Sir Bartle Frere, the then Governor of Bombay, said: "Some of your chiefs can show pedigrees which run back for nineteen centuries and extend over forty generations. And this at least is certain, that you have in Kathiawar landed proprietors who tilled land in that province while the descendants of the Cæsars still ruled over the Roman empire; and many who believe, with some show of reason, that their ancestors had fields of their own to till in the same province when Porus met Alexander on the frontier of India." I saw some very ancient-looking individuals in Kathiawar, but whether they had actually tilled land there a thousand years ago, I am not prepared to affirm. There is no doubt, however, that many of the proprietors can show credible genealogies of immense antiquity; and the antiquity of the land settlements of the peninsula must be taken into account in order to form an idea of the character of the people. It must be noted, also, that there has been a great infusion of races into Kathiawar, not only of Negroes, Arabs, and Beloochees from the shores of the Arabian Sea, but also from many parts of India, from Tartary, and perhaps from Europe; and it has a share of the wilder jungle and nomadic tribes of India, such as the Bhíls and Jats. Colonel Tod has even gone so far as to say that, "for diversity of races, exotic and indigenous, there is no region in India to be compared with Saurashtra." It swarms, moreover, with many pilgrims, besides those of the Jain religion, who repair to the shrines of Gírnar, Palitana, and Túlshishama. Kathiawar has

a most interesting ancient history in connection with the Yadevas, the great Buddhist emperor Ashoka, the Sinha or Lion-kings, and Mahmúd of Ghazni; but great conquerors have not much disturbed the relationships of its landed proprietors; and it was only with the advent of the paramount power of Great Britain that their incessant feuds had to be exchanged for lawsuits. It has only to be added that *bhairwuttia*, or going into a state of outlawry—or, in fact, becoming robbers, descending for their prey from the fastnesses of the mountains—is an ancient Kathiawar resource for the oppressed, and still lingers in the peninsula.

The above remarks may serve to give a rough general idea of the country on which we are entering at Vairawal. I fancy steamers sometimes touch at that port all the year round without landing a single European; but it so happened that on this occasion there landed, besides myself, a civil engineer and his assistants going to Júnághar, in connection with a projected railway which still remains a project, and two young merchants of a leading Bombay house, bent on a run through Kathiawar for purposes of pleasure combined with an eye to the extension of commerce. I was the only expected guest; due preparations had been made for me; and I received every attention from Durga Prasaad Hurridas, the Vahivatdar or collector, and Maharanidas Vidzaman Anderji, the Nazir or sheriff of the town; but the wholly unexpected arrival of the others took Vairawal by surprise, and threw its officials into a state of perplexity and sulkiness. The Nawab's bungalow, about a mile from the town, was quite roomy enough for us all; but considerable difficulty was experienced by the rest of the party in making their way through the country. The engineer eventually rode into Júnághar on an ass; and the two young merchants, at the end of their first day's ride inland, were kept waiting for two or three hours before any supplies were brought to them, though of course they were quite willing to pay; and at the end of that period, the Foujdar of the village appeared before them holding up *one* egg in triumph, alleging it was all the food he had been able to procure. There was surely satire, and not of a very covert kind, in thus offering one egg to two hungry young Sahibs after a ride of thirty miles; but this did not deter them from carrying out their enterprise, and afterwards they got on better. Probably the officials had directions not to act so as at all to encourage the visits of uninvited Europeans, or at least of travellers who did not give due previous notice that they were coming.

Vairawal, we found to our surprise, had one European inhabitant, and he was a young Scotchman, established there by some mercantile house. He bore the name of the hero of Aytoun's most celebrated comic ballad. We travellers (drawing fearful but entirely imaginary pictures of the reasons which had brought him into the land) used to speak of him as "the Phairshon;" and this phrase having been misunderstood by the captain of the steamer, the latter remarked to us that really the Persian spoke English remarkably well. If you do meet a solitary European in such a place, he is pretty sure to be either a German or a Scotchman. One of our party had a very characteristic story of two Scotchmen whom he heard conversing together under a banian-tree. They were not exactly European loafers, but were railway *employés* out of work,

and were pushing their way—a long and dreary one—from Ahmedabad towards Agra, or Awgry, as they called it. Their remaining funds had been invested in a large stock of *chapátis*, or girdle-cakes; and though *chapátis* are exceedingly palatable when fresh from the girdle, after being kept a few days they assume the consistency of leather. This the unfortunate Scotchmen soon found; but instead of damning and cursing the scones, as Englishmen of their class would probably have done, the following was all the conversation that passed between them under the banian-tree:—

"Awfu' teuch, John!"

"Ay, it's teuch."

Vairawal, curiously enough, reminds one of the Latin grammar, for *ver* or *vir* in Sanscrit means a hero, and the translation of the name is "Line of Heroes," rather a misnomer at the present day. It was formerly a great haunt of pirates and slave-dealers, but is now more noted for its export of cotton. But its great attraction is the world-famous temple of Somnáth, which stands about two miles off on the peninsula of Pathan Somnáth. This place is known to my readers by the story of the Gates of Somnáth, which were carried off to Kaubul by Mahmúd of Ghazní after his sacking the temple (with a force of 300,000 men, of whom, say the historians, 50,000 were slain) in 1025 A.D., and which were brought back into India with great pomp by the late Lord Ellenborough when he was Viceroy, and are now in the fort at Agra. Tod has called it "perhaps the most renowned of all the shrines of India," and one of its names denotes it as the chief dwelling-place of the great god Mahadeva or Shiva. It contained one of the twelve *lingas* of this god which are believed by the Hindus to have fallen from heaven—rather a curious place for them to come from. To go into the associations of this temple so as to render intelligible the feelings which it is calculated to excite, would involve a small volume on the history and mythology of India. Suffice it to say, that both the position and character of the ruin make it a most striking object, though it has been much changed and disfigured by the Muhammadans, and is now quite a ruin. It must emphatically have been a sculptured temple; and the richness of Hindu sculpture is seen to better effect in the built than in the cave or rock temples. Even as a ruin it is beautiful, and it must have been a wonderful place when its fifty-six pillars were inlaid with precious stones; when pilgrims flocked to it from all parts of India; when the rise and fall of the tide was adduced, and readily received, as a proof of Ocean's adoration of it; and when thousands of priests, musicians, and dancing-girls were engaged in its service. There are also other and very interesting antiquities and sacred places in its neighbourhood. Among these may be specially mentioned the Súrya Kanda in the town of Pathan, which presents a colonnade of over two hundred elaborately-carved pillars; and farther off the Devasarga, where Krishna, the Indian Apollo, yielded up his life.

It occurred to a certain merchant of Bombay, after he had resided for twenty years there, and was about to return to England, that he had seen nothing of the interior of India. Fired with a laudable ambition to repair this defect in his education, he went as far as he could get by rail in his time, and then betook himself to the only available means of conveyance—a bullock *gárhí*. The result was, that the Bombay merchant returned

home without seeing the interior; for after advancing ten miles in a bullock *gárhí*, he precipitately returned on foot to the railway and fled from India. Now the conveyance provided for me, in which to go a short four-days' journey from Vairawal to Júnágḥar, was a bullock *gárhí*—and a very superior one it was, cushioned, gilded, and ornamented, as became the vehicle of a Nawab. The bullocks, also, were very superior bullocks, not requiring to have their tails twisted, and quite willing to go much faster than suited the convenience of the opium-eating old driver, who spent most of his time in tipsy slumber. But notwithstanding these advantages, I did not become reconciled to that method of transit. I could stretch myself at full length on soft cushions, and was well protected from the sun by an arched and quilted cover; but what avails that when you feel as if the screw of a steamboat were working below, flapping your person and the ground alternately? A bullock *gárhí* has either no springs at all, or springs which only imperfectly protect the vehicle. It is a very long affair — sometimes eight feet long—placed upon only two wheels. The result is a combination of motions which it is easier to remember than describe. There is a rotatory motion, a lateral motion, a perpendicular motion, and a nondescript motion, such as occurs in the tail of a water-wagtail. This combination of motions is quite bad enough; but it is far from the worst. The roads are not good—in fact they are execrable. There are great ruts and hollows in them, and they go down unexpectedly into the dry beds of water-courses. The consequence is, that there comes every now and then the most tremendous series of bumps and crashes, which no pillows can render tolerable, and which are almost as bad as a railway collision. You are going on quietly enough, only your brain feeling rather confused by the above-noted mysterious motions, when suddenly you are bumped and dashed about in the most violent manner. You are tossed off your couch for a couple of feet, and, as you descend, the couch rises to meet you with a violent blow, and knocks you up to the roof of the *gárhí;* while, an instant after, you are nearly knocked through the side, and brought into violent contact with iron stanchions and wooden boards. After a little more of this sort of business, you subside into the mysterious motion again, but bruised, bewildered, wondering where you are, and what crime you have committed. Such sufferings the traveller has to endure in even a well-appointed bullock *gárhí;* and I never heard any Englishman say a good word in favour of that vehicle except the now member of Parliament for the Dumfries district, who, on his visit to India, declared in favour of it, on the ground that "at least you have it all to yourself." But what are all these sufferings compared with those of the man who is obliged to have recourse (as we sometimes have in Western India) to one of the ordinary cultivators' bullock-carts, which might be thrown over a precipice without sustaining much harm, and the wheels of which are segments of solid wood! All Gúzerat is famous for its cattle, and certainly my bullocks had a largeness and calmness about them which was delightful to contemplate, and made them contrast beautifully with the shrivelled little opium-eater, their nominal superior.

At the small *gaum* or village of Bhandúri, where we stopped for the night, I found a chamber above the gateway prepared for me; but it was so full of loopholes, that I preferred to sleep in one of the half-

open houses below, my cot being stretched facing a large wood-fire which was kindled in the court. But the houses of Hindus, especially of Brahmans, are *défendu*. In India one does not see the house-life as in China and some other countries of the East. Only among the poorer classes, and on occasions like this, we get glimpses of it, and perceive its meagreness. What a contrast the starry heavens presented that clear, cold night of January to the meanness of my human surroundings! There are nights when the earth's position on its orbit, our place on its surface, the position of the larger planets, and the clearness of the atmosphere, all combine to afford, nearly at the same moment, a view of the more magnificent constellations and individual heavenly bodies. Such a glorious night was this, in the perfectly clear air of Kathiawar. Towards morning Venus was rising as Jupiter was setting, and near the latter planet were all the splendours of Orion, the great white light of Sirius, Procyon's more modest brilliance, the dazzling Capella, and the milder radiance of Castor and Pollux. Towards the zenith, the most prominent objects were Regulus and the stars of the Sickle, followed by the great triangle of Denebola, Arcturus, and Spica. The baleful red fire of the rising Antares contrasted with the soft blue light of the Northern Vega; and a little above the horizon, nearly on the meridian, there shone the Southern Cross, followed by the two most brilliant, piercing stars Alpha and Beta Centauri, and all the galaxy of Argo Navis. Watching such a sky, one begins to understand the fixed position of the stars —to feel and see that it is the earth which is slowly moving round amid the vast concave of heaven; and we also realise most vividly that this earth, with all its endless variety of self-destroying sentient life, with its mighty burden of joy and agony, is but a revolving grain of sand in the midst of a boundless universe of stars.

On this journey I was always accompanied by a mounted trooper or two; and at my next halting-place, Kussodi, there were a number of these men about, and other police of the Nawab. They and the Foujdar occupied a large square court, in which were various buildings. I was again allotted the room in the tower over the gateway; and this I occupied, as it was comfortable and had been carpeted for me, though the whole concern was in a great state of decay, and looked as if it might collapse at any moment. There was much excitement in this place about a rising of outlaws in the neighbouring forest of the Gír, and this was one of the reasons why I was not allowed to pay a visit to that haunt of lions as well as of outlaws.

Bhairwuttia, or going into a state of outlawry, was, and to a less extent still is, a highly respectable institution in Kathiawar; it was the safety-valve of society. When a chief or a *Grassia* felt himself oppressed beyond endurance by a powerful neighbour, he took to the jungle, and from thence made predatory excursions upon that neighbour's territory. The expedient was perfectly respectable, and served as a real safeguard against oppression. The most powerful chief knew that if he pushed matters beyond a certain point those he oppressed would betake themselves to parts of the country where there would be the greatest difficulty in getting at them, and from whence they might cause his subjects serious loss and trouble. He also had before him the possibility of these outlaws so increasing in number and

banding together that they might entirely overthrow his power and put him to a cruel death. The outlaw of to-day might become the prince of to-morrow, but there would be very little chance of the overthrown prince being permitted to escape into a state of outlawry. General Legrand Jacob has related how some of these outlaws once carried off an English officer and kept him a prisoner for months in their retreat among the mountains. A year or two before my visit, two English officers of the Federal *Sebundi*—the force kept up at the expense of the principal chiefs to deal with these outlaws—were killed by them. Fighting was going on with them when I was on my way to Júnágḥar, but they made submission before I left that town. In the immediate neighbourhood of Júnágḥar itself, when I was there, another band of outlaws gave some trouble. At Wadwan I found that Mr Jardine, the then Assistant Political Resident of the district, kept horses ready for him to start, on a moment's notice, in pursuit of outlaws. On the way between Saila and Múli I was warned that there were *bhairwuttia* on the road, and in the early morning came suddenly on a party of mounted men armed with spears. Suspiciously enough, at this moment the horse of the *sowar* who accompanied me ran off with him, and I had an opportunity of perceiving that in a *gárhí* one might be speared with a good deal of ease. However, I had no need to use my revolver, for the leader of the party salaamed to me politely, and passed on; and though I am by no means sure, it is possible that this was not a party of outlaws, but a patrol guarding the road against them. Even if outlaws, it was extremely unlikely that they would aggravate the difficulties of their position by meddling with an Englishman. The *sowar* turned up a long time afterwards, with marks of earth on his dress, and complaining of having had a severe fall from his unmanageable steed. Thus it will be seen I found *bhairwuttia* by no means extinct in Kathiawar. That noble institution still exists there, though in diminished vigour.

Colonel Alexander Walker—the first, and, considering his great work, the most prominent of our officials concerned with Kathiawar—has referred to this subject of *bhairwuttia* in his Report to Government of the 7th October 1807. He derives the word from *bhar*, "outside," and *wat* or *war*, "a road," which evidently indicates people who are outside existing arrangements, and have taken to the road as a means of subsistence; but Kathiawar gentry of this kind are a much more justifiable class than our own Dick Turpins and similar "knights of the road." Among its collateral supports, he mentions the personal independence characteristic of all the Rajpút tribes; the right of avenging personal wrongs, as also the wrongs of relatives; and the recognised duty of affording refuge to fugitives and criminals of almost all kinds. When a proprietor goes into outlawry, all his dependants go with him, and his village and its lands are left waste, as a sort of protest and standing justification of his conduct. As the outlaw only attacks his enemies, and the system is well understood in the country, he receives a great deal of information and quiet protection from the neutral bystanders, who do not want to make an enemy of him, and who feel that they may some day themselves have to take to *bhairwuttia* and will stand in need of similar tolerance.

I made so many inquiries about the great forest of the Gír, with a view of spending some time there afterwards, that I know a great deal about it, though it still remains for

me a sweet unvisited woodland. Its hills, as can plainly be seen from the sea, are a low continuation of the Gírnar group, notwithstanding General Jacob's objection (which has no geological validity) that there is a plain of twelve miles between them. The Gír is not a plain, but a vast succession of ridges and low hills, covered by forest-trees and the densest jungle. Jacob, in his report of 4th October 1842, says that he marched twenty miles in it without finding room to pitch a *bechova*. It covers a distance of about fifty miles by thirty, and would be almost impenetrable were it not for two valleys which fall through it from north to south, and the numerous streamlets which enter these valleys. Its hills rise on the south to about 1000 feet, and descend from that towards the north into mere undulations. Its malaria is so injurious, and its water is so poisoned by the decaying vegetation, that it is not considered at all safe to enter it except between January and the commencement of the rains in June. Every way the best season for a hunting excursion in it is in April and May, when the heat, as Major Le Geyt described it to me, is something tremendous, and yet is neither oppressive nor unhealthy. It was in that season that Sir Seymour Fitzgerald made his excursion into it, when he was Governor of Bombay, and bagged several lions; and he is almost the only Englishman I have heard of as having visited the Gír, except two or three of the civil and military officers employed in Kathiawar. Here is a fine playground for the sportsmen of Europe; but it would be vain for them to attempt to hunt in it without the cordial assistance of the Júnághar Durbar.

Tents would be required in this wild district: there are many half-open dells in which small ones might be pitched under great teak-trees, ebony-trees, or wide-spreading peepul and barr; and there are even large amphitheatres surrounded by the wooded hills. Around all the yellow, withered vegetation, and in the burning sky above, there quivers a furnace-like air; but on the banks of the poisonous though limpid streamlets, and climbing up every rock and precipice where moisture remains and dews fall, there blooms the gaudy luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Among these wild rocks and thick glens there is the very savagery of nature, both in vegetable and animal life. The great maneless lion of Gúzerat abounds, and comes down in the moonlight nights to the pools to drink, or to watch for the beautiful antelope and the splendid sambar. Large serpents twine, scarce distinguishably, among the creepers, or lie coiled in the hearts of decaying trees. Herdsmen with splendid cattle are found on the more open borders of this enchanted land; but no one penetrates into its jungly depth except rude Kolís and Bhíls of the more primitive races of India, large African Sídís, descendants of runaway slaves, and a few hunted and desperate outlaws, who have betaken themselves to the fastnesses of its mountains.

I saw a very fine specimen of the Kathiawar lion at Júnághar, in the garden of Bhauaddín, the brother-in-law of the Nawab. It was an enormous creature; and though the almost entire want of mane detracted somewhat from the dignity of the king of beasts, it served to display the gigantic proportions of the chest and shoulders. It has been surmised that the thick jungle of its habitat has, by the law of natural selection, deprived the Kathiawar lion of this appendage, which it retains only in a very modified and scanty degree; and the surmise that each individual lion may be denuded of its mane by the thorny

thickets through which it has to pass, is disproved by the case of this lion of Júnágher, which had grown to full size in its cage, where there were no thorny thickets. Occasionally the lion makes excursions to the base of Gírnar and the walls of Júnágher, but that rarely happens now. The usual way of hunting it is to watch for it in a tree, beside some drinking-place it is known to frequent, or above a dead bullock, which has been placed to attract it. The lion, on seeing the bullock, begins licking its jaws, and gives unmistakable indications of its appreciation of a good meal, when the poor fellow is rudely undeceived as to what is in store by the crash of a shell or conical bullet into him. Mrs Postans says that in her day (1838) the noblest of the lions frequented the plains, and were hunted on elephants; but very seldom do they venture on the plains, now that firearms are so abundant. They require to be sought for in their sequestered haunts; and there elephants are useful, but hardly for the purpose of hunting them, the jungle being so high, and the forest so thick.

At Bantli, my next halting-place, I was put up in a palace of the Nawab, surrounded by gardens, and with a fine view over the plain from the upper rooms, which were of great height, and covered with a very fine, white, close chunam, which looked almost like marble. Ladibhai, the Vahivatdar, was very gracious, and mutton-chops were produced which would not have disgraced a city of London dining-house. On the first part of the way up from the sea, the soil had been very thin, light, and cretaceous. It did not seem to be more than a foot or a foot and a half thick, and rested upon gravel; but about Bantli, and between that place and Júnágher, there was more of a black soil, about three feet in depth. The rock everywhere was cretaceous sandstone, which seemed here and there to have been exposed to plutonic action. Close to Júnágher the land became still richer, and the road lay between mango-trees and fruit-gardens.

At Júnágher I found the bungalow for travellers occupied by the Assistant Political Agent for the district, Major Le Geyt, and his lady; and commodious tents were pitched for me on the other side of the city, under some mimosa and large banian trees, just inside the walls of the city at the north gate, above which there were some fine airy rooms that would make a pleasant residence in hot weather. The walls of Júnágher enclose a vast circuit of open land occupied by kitchen-gardens and scrub-jungle. My tents were about two miles away from the city; and though there was an *octroi* guard of about twenty Arabs and Belooches at the north gate, a special guard of eight sepoys, with rifles and sword-bayonets, and under an officer of the Nawab, was sent down every night to guard my tents. Possibly this may have been to protect me, not so much from ordinary thieves or from *bhairwuttias*, as from the guard at the gate. These latter were certainly exceedingly pious men, so far as outward forms went, but neither their visages nor their demeanour were calculated to inspire confidence. Regularly every morning and evening, and sometimes even during the day, they engaged in long devotional services, kneeling with their faces towards Mecca, and uttering their prayers and chants in a sonorous way which would have delighted the ear of a ritualist. Their piety, however, was very little appreciated by the old women who passed through the gate, whose bundles, and even

whose persons, they searched in a most unceremonious way, and who in return cursed them from head to heel, and otherwise treated them to a profusion of the most abusive language.

I enjoyed life in these tents exceedingly, but nothing exciting occurred there except one day when a *sowar* galloped down and told us that one of the Nawab's elephants had gone wild, had broken loose from its keeper, and was coming down upon us. The skedaddle which immediately took place was most amusing. The guard of Arabs and Belooches disappeared instantly, leaving the gate to take care of itself. The old women threw down their bundles and made a rush for some huts outside the gate. My servants and attendants fled for the gateway tower, and never stopped until they attained the highest positions possible. And, curiously, a number of pariah dogs which had been lying and playing about seemed at once to understand that some danger was near, and ran into concealment in the jungle. In half a minute the whole place was deserted. There was a very large half-uprooted and sloping trunk of a banian-tree close beside me, and it at once occurred to me that (with the aid of the trunk of a mad elephant behind) I could walk up that banian-tree with sufficient alacrity to place myself out of danger; so, keeping a keen look-out in the direction of the elephant, I continued smoking quietly in my chair, notwithstanding the entreaties addressed to me from the tower, especially by my Portuguese cook, who cried, half pathetically half indignantly, "S'pose that *must hatti* (mad elephant) come, Sahib not can eat that roast mutton." Before getting quite close to us, however, the elephant halted in some jungle, and its keeper, stealing behind it, clapped a half-opened iron ring round one of its hind ankles, and this not only closed with a spring, but had sharp spikes on its inside surface, which checked the huge animal's further progress, and made it submit to its mahout. To do justice to the cook, he only mounted the wall connected with the gateway tower, and returned to his beloved mutton before any one else ventured down.

This state of Júnágḥar, at the capital of which I spent a fortnight, is the largest and most important of the states of Kathiawar, excepting, perhaps, Bhaunágar. It is a Muhammadan state; and its prince, the Nawab, is a Muhammadan, and so are one or two of his principal advisers, but its affairs are administered chiefly by Nágar Brahmans. The city is renowned as a most ancient place, even in a country so abundant in ancient places, and is believed to have been the capital of princes of the Yadu race, the Yádevas of the Mahábhárata. According to the "Mirat-i-Secundri," the Chúrasma dynasty had ruled in it, as over all Soruth, for nineteen centuries previous to the Muhammadan conquest. After resisting several very formidable Muhammadan attacks, conducted by such great conquerors as Sultan Muhammad Taglak of Delhi, and Ahmed Shah, the founder of Ahmedabad, it succumbed, A.D. 1477, to Sultan Muhammad Begra of Gúzerat. It afterwards became a dependency of the Mogul empire, and hence arose the present title of its prince — Nawab, originally meaning a deputy. Here the history becomes intricate, and the details would be uninteresting. Suffice to say, that about 1735 Shere Khan Babí, a soldier of fortune, displaced the deputy and founded the present dynasty. Its ruler, when I visited it, Nawab or Nabob Sahib

Mohobutkhanjí, was between thirty and forty years old. His jurisdiction, under the paramount power of Britain, was a first-class one—that is to say, he had the power of life and death over all but British subjects; and in many other respects he had the entire control of his state, subject only to the advice of the British political agents and of the Bombay Government. His state comprised 890 towns and villages, 62,300 houses, a population of 249,200, and afforded him an acknowledged land revenue of Rs. 1,300,000, or about £130,000. But most of the states of Kathiawar paid him annual sums ranging from Rs. 20 to Rs. 5000; and if I am not mistaken, these payments, which form a very considerable aggregate, are not included in the above revenue. They go under the name of Zortalabí or black-mail, literally "taking by force," and that, no doubt, was their origin; but by custom, and being guaranteed to the Nawab by the British Government, they are now legitimate sources of revenue; and not a few of the nobles of Europe became possessed of property by a similar process. I need only add that the Nawab has about 3000 soldiers, horse and foot; for the character of his state, in so far as I can give any idea of it, will come out best incidentally in the descriptions of what I saw.

Much of the gaiety of Júnágḥar consisted in evening parties of a kind unknown in Belgravia, and I was a guest at several of these, given by Bhauaddín, the brother-in-law of the Nawab, Lakshmi Shankar, the son of a former Dewan, and others. Some of the principal men of Júnágḥar were always present at these parties, and the conversation turned on subjects both trivial and important. The chief amusement was singing, in Persian, by Nautch girls, and their dancing, if slight and measured movements could be called by that name. There was not even impropriety in the performances I witnessed, and to have watched them long would have been tiresome in the extreme. No doubt Nautch girls are capable of highly improper dancing as well as improper singing, and possibly, later on in the evening there may have been something of that kind; but, as a rule, the nautching an Englishman sees in India is excessively dull, and one would require to be born to the amusement in order to appreciate it. Some of Bhauaddín's Nautch girls were dressed in the costume of Scotch Highlandmen, with the addition of trews fitting tightly at the ankle; and their solemn movements resembled those of dancing-dervishes at the commencement of a dance. The fruit and sweetmeats provided for the guest are either given at parting or sent over to his residence next day, and betelnut to chew was all we had to support exhausted nature. As the Assistant Political Agent, who knew the people well, was present with me at these parties, it was not for me to suggest that a "peg," as Anglo-Indians call a glass of brandy-and-soda, would have been much more refreshing than chewing betelnut or being sprinkled with attar of roses and adorned with garlands of sweet-smelling yellow Mogrí flowers; but I was told that after our departure, *kusúmba*, a decoction of opium, was introduced, and that the singing of the dancing-girls and the conversation of the guests continued till near morning. Nothing can be more absurd than the practice of giving *pan supári* or a leaf-full of pounded betel on leaving; but the chewing of betel in India, though a disagreeable practice to the onlookers, from the way in which it reddens the teeth and fills the mouth with saliva, has

undoubtedly its advantages, where vegetable diet so much prevails, from the very astringent qualities of the nut. The Nautch girls were far from beautiful, and, to an English ear, they screamed rather than sang, sometimes raising their voices in a most ear-piercing manner, but always keeping time to the music with the motions of their limbs and bodies. On leaving one of these parties the Civil Engineer expressed a wish that our friends could see us, adorned as we were with garlands of Mogrí flowers. A more objectionable practice was that, on our departure, of daubing our hands, handkerchiefs, and the sleeves of our coats with attar of roses, sandal-oil, and other—I cannot say always sweet-smelling, but certainly always strong-smelling—oils. Indeed the higher up in society we went, the more awful and prostrating was the perfume which was graciously rubbed on our coats. At least, however, we had hookahs, the smoke of which was tempered by passing through rose-water, and were at liberty to smoke cheroots.

I was first introduced to the Nawab at an elephant-fight, which he invited me to see after the other Englishmen had departed from Júnágḥar. He had about twenty elephants of all sizes, and I had examined the stud. The fighting was between both men and elephants, and elephants and elephants. The balcony in which his Highness and myself sat, accompanied by Bhauaddín, Salahindi, and other Muhammadan nobles of his court, opened on the large walled arena in which the fighting took place, and was by no means out of reach of an elephant's trunk; but to guard against any accident from that cause, we were provided with long spears, and Bhauaddín showed himself particularly active and courageous when one large elephant did threaten us. The fighting was by torchlight, which added to the extraordinary character of the scene. A large elephant in an excited state was let loose into the arena, and surrounded by a number of men, each holding a torch in one hand and a very long sharp spear in the other. First one man would give the elephant a prog with his spear, and when it turned upon him another would arrest its attention by progging it on the other side. When hard pressed the spearmen had apertures in the wall of the arena into which they could escape, and accidents seldom happen, but one or two of them had rather narrow escapes. If the elephant was excited when he entered, he became ten times more so under this system of progging, and some difficulty was experienced in getting him out of the arena by exploding fireworks behind him, which also did not tend to soothe his mind; but he seemed to enjoy the thing in a way, and it can hardly be said that there was any cruelty in the amusement, or that it was as bad as fox-hunting, in which men run the risk of breaking their necks, and the fox suffers not a little. It was a moonless night, and a curious effect was produced by the infuriated animal rushing about with a swiftness rendered remarkable by its vast proportions, amid the flickering light of torches, the glare of fireworks, or the steady blue light of some magnesium wire with which once or twice I lit up the arena. The bejewelled Muhammadan nobles around me were very picturesque figures; and so, in another way, were the wild-looking spearsmen; while the top of the walls of the arena were alive with the population of Júnágḥar.

The fighting of elephants with elephants was a mere trial of strength; and they were placed

with a thick low wall, about three or four feet high, between them. This was in order to prevent the victor going to extremities, and killing his opponent. As it was, they only pushed against each other with their foreheads, and pushed each other's trunks aside, or entwined their trunks, and so tried to bend each other's heads down. I was curious to see a fight between an elephant and a very fine rhinoceros which the Nawab had, and the quickness of whose motions was quite astonishing; but was told that every time the rhinoceros had been brought into the arena it had killed either a man or an elephant, and so it was no longer brought out to do battle.

The Nawab himself impressed me favourably in some respects. He was evidently a man of good disposition, and not wanting in natural shrewdness of mind; but the circumstances of his training had unfitted him for taking much part in the cares of government. In a native state so isolated and left to itself as Júnágḥar has been, and yet with the corrective of revolution suppressed, great abuses must exist; but it is difficult—almost impossible—to know to what extent they do exist, and how far current stories may be the invention of discontented persons who have been justly deposed from influential positions, and of native *employés* of the English Agency who seek to serve their own private ends. I shall say nothing on this and similar subjects, on which I do not feel competent to form an opinion. It was evident, however, that considerable efforts were being made in Júnágḥar to improve the administration of the state, and to fashion it in accordance with modern ideas. In its courts of justice, its schools, and its jail, great reforms had been effected; and its Kháḅraŕis struck me as able, well-meaning, and, judged by an Indian standard, honest men.

For instance, I assisted Major Le Geyt in the examination of the principal school; but in order to appreciate that establishment, we must bear in mind what an exceedingly out-of-the-way place Júnágḥar is, and how little it is directly affected by the modernising agencies at work in the Presidency towns of India and throughout great parts of the Mofussil. This head-school had over 300 scholars, and 70 of these were learning English; and it was noticeable that of these 70 only two were Muhammadans, though the state is a Muhammadan state, the rest being almost entirely either Brahmans or Jains. The higher class in English read fluently, and explained easily in English the meaning of the words they were asked to explain. They also wrote wonderfully correctly from dictation, and showed a good knowledge of the geography of Europe. Major Le Geyt put the whole school through a very sensible, testing, and fair examination, which brought out the actual proficiency and the deficiencies of the scholars very well indeed, and I am bound to say that the result was highly creditable to them. On the whole, they showed great intelligence and eagerness. The chanting in Gúzerathí and Urdú was very melodious, with a pathetic cadence, and was executed apparently with much feeling. A large girls' school, which we also examined, was a novelty in such a state. The girls were almost entirely the daughters of Brahmans, some of whom were high in the Nawab's service. They were exceedingly quick, clever, and eager; and it was curious to notice the great and unaffected delight with which even such an astute old official as Narsing Prasaad

looked upon the success of the little performers.

To improve the administration of justice, efforts had been made to establish courts, with regular forms resembling those existing in British territory; but there did not seem to be sufficient appreciation of the importance of having well-paid judges placed in a position to be at least somewhat independent of the Nawab's court. One of the gravest accusations brought against native states in India is, that the ruler and his favourites can do exactly as they please; that they can crush all opposition, violate the honour of any woman, ruin any man, and, in general, gratify their wishes, however unwarrantable these may be. Though a step in the right direction, the mere creation of courts of justice does not meet this evil so long as the judges can be displaced at will; and to place native judges in very independent positions might be to make them independent fountains of corruption and oppression. I saw that the chief court of Júnághar followed a regular course of procedure, but cannot vouch for it in other respects, nor do I know of anything against it. The advantage which has been conferred on India by the fair administration of justice by Englishmen of high character is incalculable; but I doubt if the value of that administration is at all properly appreciated by the natives of India. They distrust native judges altogether, and never like personally to go before such an administrator unless he happens to be of their own caste; but still very many of them would prefer to see native administrators of justice appointed in preference to English ones. In almost the same breath an educated native will betray a desire that all the judicial appointments of India should be filled by his own countrymen, and express his profound distrust of every native who is in such an appointment. By his own countrymen he really means himself, and gives vent to his very natural desire to obtain for himself (at any cost to the country) a place of what to him would be high emolument. But when he speaks of his brethren in office he draws on his own knowledge, and sometimes on his imagination.

The jail in Júnághar was quite a model affair; but I have noticed of late years that jails in India usually are, whether in native states or in British territory. A jail is a very easy thing to keep in a nice showy condition; and as visitors almost always look at it, even the worst prince likes to have his prison in that condition. The late Guikwar of Baroda had a beautiful jail, and I saw there the ex-prime-minister of that state, Bhau Sindiah; but a few weeks afterwards Bhau Sindiah died under rather suspicious circumstances, and, according to popular rumour, he was pressed to death in a *sikunja*, or contracting-wheel. A much better indication of the progress of modern civilisation in Júnághar was the Alfred Hospital, which had been founded in commemoration of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to India, and was relieving hundreds of patients, under the superintendence of Anundass Morji, a licentiate of the Bombay Medical College. The splendid specimens of *Bothriocephalus latus*, *Tænia solium*, and *Filaria medinensis* which he had extracted from his patients were particularly striking, and showed that tape and guinea worms flourish in Júnághar. I made some interesting notes regarding this hospital, but unfortunately (or fortunately) for my readers I cannot lay my hands upon them. A similar fate has overtaken other Júnághar statistics which I collected; but probably my general impression will be quite suf-

ficient for the British reader, and it was that a slow but steady improvement was going on in Júnághar.

The principal men of this state were either Muhammadans or Nágar Brahmans. After the Nawab himself, the chief noble was his brother-in-law, the Jemadar Bhauaddín, a very handsome and active but somewhat dissipated-looking man, who, both by reputation and in appearance, struck one as a sort of oriental Earl of Rochester. His influence with his Highness and in the state generally was very great. I should not think he was a man to do much business that he could get any one to do for him, but that was from love of pleasure rather than from lack of capacity; and, indeed, to uphold his position must have required no little tact and ability. His right-hand man was Salahindi, a pure Arab, of large strong frame, who alone of the Muhammadan nobles appeared to take much interest in public affairs, and who acted as a sort of Minister of Public Works, that being the department to which he chiefly devoted himself. In Bhauaddín you came in contact with a polished and agreeable courtier, who probably could be something the very opposite of that if occasion required; in Salahindi you had a soldierly, practical man of visible shrewdness and good sense.

The Nágar Brahmans are an exceedingly powerful caste in Júnághar, as in all Kathiawar, and have monopolised the political management of by far the greater part of the peninsula. There are about 1500 families of them in Kathiawar, and three-fourths of these are devoted to secular pursuits, especially to the art of government; while the remainder, who devote themselves to religious duties, are specially called Brahmans—but all are of Brahmanical caste. As a priesthood they have no weight in the country; but they have a great deal of importance from their ability as administrators, and from the way in which they have got the affairs of the chiefs into their hands. The Kocaní Brahmans, or those of the Southern Koncan, are considered the cleverest and the most restless and pushing of the Brahmans of Western India; many of them have light-coloured eyes; and they have a tradition which might be interpreted as indicating (though they would utterly repudiate such an interpretation) that at some former period their blood had mingled with that of shipwrecked European mariners. But Vishnú Venayek, a very clever young Kocaní Brahman whom I had with me, and who was very desirous of obtaining some more permanent employment in Kathiawar, soon found that there was no hope for him there, so closely was everything held in the hands of the Nágars, and so averse were these to any other caste finding employment in the country. There are, however, a number of Kocaní and Deccaní Brahmans in the employment of the British Agency, and in states administered by officers appointed by the Bombay Government; and I noticed that these regarded the Nágars with much jealousy, and took every opportunity of finding fault with the condition of states under the charge of these latter. The enemies of the Nágars derive the name from *nág*, the Indian word for a cobra, the most venomous of all snakes; but they themselves have a more complimentary derivation. No doubt they have a good deal of the wisdom of serpents; but they also struck me (and I have had a great deal of intercourse with them) as having something of the harmlessness of doves, in so far as manners and kindness of disposition go.

Runcharjí, the celebrated former Dewan of this state of Júnághar, was a Nágar Brahman; and his praises have been sounded by so many persons of very different character, that he must have been a man of high qualities. Mrs Postans, describing him in her 'Western India in 1838,' spoke of his "purity and high-mindedness," of his dignity and grace, of his liberal opinions, and of his remarkable acquaintance with Eastern history. General Jacob, in his General Report of 1842, said that Runcharjí was "the nearest approach to an educated native gentleman the country contained; his tastes and habits of thought were above his age." He was one of the first in giving effectual aid to the suppression of infanticide; and Dr Wilson, in his 'History of the Suppression of Infanticide in Western India,' says of him that he "was one of the best-informed natives whom we have met in India. He had even a knowledge of Arabic, a language to which few of his caste ever pay any attention."

The Dewan of Júnághar, when I visited Kathiawar, was also an exceedingly courteous, dignified, and intelligent gentleman. This was the Azum Gokuljí Sumpatram, also a Nágar Brahman. At this time he was absent at Rájkot, in attendance on the young prince, the Nawab's son and heir; but I met him at Rájkot, and had before made very friendly acquaintance with him. His disposition was very kind and pleasing, his knowledge great, his piety unaffected; and, in the course of much intercourse with him relating to business affairs, in which there was some temptation to depart from strict rectitude, I never saw in him the least shadow of guile, or anything which would be deemed unworthy of the highest class of English gentlemen. Even those who found most fault with the state of Júnághar had nothing to say against his personal character; but they alleged that he was only nominally Dewan, and was put forward in that position in order to give respectability to an administration that otherwise would not bear looking into. In a certain sense this was no doubt true. Gokuljí saw evils existing around him which he was powerless to remedy, as Runcharjí had been before him, and every man in high position is similarly placed in all parts of the world; but I do not believe, and have not the least reason to believe, that his dewanship was a nominal one, or that he held it on any other than legitimate conditions. I also had much genial intercourse with, and formed a high opinion of another Júnághar official, Narsing Prasaad, who was also a Nágar Brahman, and had the advantage of having previously served in the English agency. No one can accuse me of an undue regard for native states or native officials; and, for many reasons which cannot here be entered into, I look with disapproval on the whole process, as now pursued, of pushing forward natives into Government employment in British India; but in Kathiawar, if some of the native states were backward, and showed an undue adherence to time-honoured vicious customs, there were quite as serious faults in the method of dealing with them pursued by the Rájkot agency and the Bombay Government. This is a subject, however, which belongs to Kathiawar in general, rather to Júnághar in particular.

Mr Kinloch Forbes, of the "Ras Mala," who both knew the natives of India and loved them well, has said that "we should recollect, in regard to the Hindus as a people, that they are almost as

different from ourselves as the laws of nature will permit one set of men to be from another." This was a true enough statement for his time, though an extended knowledge of the Chinese and of other races has since indicated that there is a wider and deeper (though still by no means an impassable) gulf between ourselves and many peoples than there is between us and the Hindus, or any members of the Aryan race. Yet undoubtedly, there is sufficient difference between us and the Hindus to form a serious difficulty in the way of that understanding and relianceship which is the basis of all friendly and happy intercourse. I would not say that the fault is theirs, and still less that it is ours; rather it rises unavoidably from the intractability of human nature, and its incapacity for making rapid transitions without losing much of what is most admirable in it. But Mr Forbes wisely puts in the qualification that it is "as a people" that the Hindus are so different from us; and, making due allowance for superficial differences of manner and mode of thought, there are among them admirable men, who can be met with a feeling of perfect confidence on that somewhat indefinitely bounded yet very real elevation of calm good sense, of unselfishness and kindly sympathetic feeling, of enlarged and unprejudiced intellect, of devotion to immediate practical good combined with a desire to further the higher possibilities of the human race, of a natural unaffected courtesy, and of all the collateral qualities which create the real nobility of the human race,—that nobility which it is one of the peculiar glories of England to have heartily recognised as an ever-enlarging circle which can be entered from every quarter, from every clime and condition of life, and whose golden gates, though they may occasionally for a moment admit the gilded lackeys of civilisation, and other pretenders of higher or lower origin, and may also be held closed for a time against suspicious-looking wandering strangers, who would possibly be at once admitted into the courts of heaven, yet are unalterably closed — persistently from the beginning, or at last in the end—only against the hopelessly unworthy.